Mr Raspe, a writer distinguished several years since by the whimsical Author of Baron Munchausen, & some other clever works

Memorial d'un Mondain Vol. 1. p. 7.

I copied at Zigliaria 300. paces ℄ from an insulated Rock an Inscription, which might serve as a Model for any Academy of Inscriptions. It is as it were a Wit; and Madame Lowenstern buried near that rock seems to have ~~wrote with~~ engraved it on it with her own hand:

„ Traveler from the North, whoever You be,
„ acquaint William Lowenstern at Stralsund
„ that You saw here the Tomb of his
„ Sponse, who taken by the Tunisians
„ recovered her Liberty and died in the Month
„ of July 1698. Her Son is still
„ a Slave. Let his Father come and set
„ him free. Passing by here he will find
„ the happy remains of His Enfrasia.
„ Raising the Stone, which covers her Ashes
„ his Tears will wet them, unless the Winds
„ has not dispersed them. Be worthy
„ of the Favour, which I request You, or
„ You are undeserving of the Name of Man.

DSI

Had it not been for late I should in consequence of this request have hastened without delay to Stralsund or Tunis, to comfort the Father and to redeem his Son; but Auth. Servi had prevented me. Digging and examining the ground in order to see what remains there might be left of this very Sentimental Mortal, he found nothing but an enamelled Rose preserved in a Lead Box, with a Latin Inscription

Quicunque partem tumuli interris
Icias C. Wachtendonck mortis
Enfrasiae meae me certiorem
reddidit; filium in Africa mortuum absputi, & Matri piae amicum
junxi; ecta duorum Stralsundae
quiescent, junctus & ego quiescam.
Litteras & literas ferro dele,
finemque dolo omnem ex animo
recordationem. Vale 15. Oct. 1733.

Whoever opens and sees this Tomb Know Ye that C. Wachtendonck acquainted me with the Death of My Enfrasia. I carried off the remains of my Son who had died in Africa, and affectionnately joined them to those of his Mother. They both shall rest at Stralsund, where in due time I shall rest with them. Destroy this cursed Country with Fire and Sword. Destroy these letters that nothing of it may be remembered. Farewell. 15. Oct. 1733.

R.E. Raspe.